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RICHARD CŒUR DE LION;

AN

HISTORICAL ROMANCE,

FROM THE FRENCH OF

MONS. SEDAINE.

[BUREDYNE Jhn. Lieut-Gen]

AS REVIVED, AND NOW PERFORMING AT THE

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

LONDON:

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Richard, - - -	Mr. KELLY.
Blondel, - - - -	Mr. BARRYMORE.
Floreſtan, - - -	Mr. CAULFIELD.
Sir Owen, - - - -	Mr. DIGNUM.
The Seneſchal, - -	Mr. COOKE.
Antonio - - - -	Mrs. BLAND.
Guillot, - - - -	Mr. SUETT.
Old Mathew, - - -	Mr. MADDOCKS.
William, (*ſervant to* Sir Owen)	Mr. FISHER.
A Pilgrim, (*the friend of* Blondel)	Mr. WEBB.
Peaſant, - - - - -	Mr. GIBBON.

Soldiers, Peaſants, &c.

Matilda, - - - - - - -	Mrs. MOUNTAIN.
Lauretta, - - - - - - -	By a young Lady.
Dorcas, - - - - - - -	Mrs. MADDOCKS.
Julie, - - - - - - - -	Miſs BRISTOW.
Collette, - - - - - - -	Miſs WENTWORTH.

Richard Cœur de Lion.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A View of a ſtrong Caſtle, ſituated in a wild, mountainous Country—on one Side a ruſtic Manſion-houſe—on the other, a Stone Seat.*

During the Overture, Old MATHEW, DORCAS, *and ſeveral Peaſants paſs over the Stage, with their working Tools, as returning from their Labour.*

Chorus of Peaſants.

COME ſing, come dance,
To-morrow's the day;
Come ſing, come dance,
Old Matthew's wedding day.
Yes, to-morrow you know,
To his houſe we ſhall go,
To drink and be gay,
To dance, ſing, and play;
Away with all ſorrow
For joy comes to-morrow.

Old MATHEW.

I am happy, I ſwear,
My Dorcas, my dear,
To think that to-morrow is our wedding day.

Duet—DORCAS *and* Old MATHEW.

Tho' we're ſixty years old,
Let the young ones behold,
Our age, like our youth, is contented and gay.

Chorus.

Come ſing, come dance,
To-morrow's the day;
Come ſing, come dance,
Old Mathew's wedding day.
Yes, to-morrow you know,
To his houſe we ſhall go,
To drink and be gay,
To dance, ſing, and play;
Away with all ſorrow,
For joy comes to-morrow.

[*Exeunt.*

MATILDA *after the laſt Chorus enters, led in by* ANTONIO.

Mat. Antonio, what ſounds were thoſe; ſurely they were ſinging.

Ant. It is only the villagers who are returning from the fields: the ſun is ſetting, and they have done their work.

Mat. Where are we now, my gentle guide?

Ant. You are not far from a great old caſtle, with towers and battlements. And there now, if you had

your ſight, you might ſee two ſoldiers on the walls with their croſs-bows.

Mat. I am ſadly tired.

Ant. Stay—this way—Here is a ſtone, it is made into a ſeat. (MATILDA *ſits.*) What a pity you cannot ſee the proſpect! though ſo wild, it is ſaid to be as fine as any in all Germany. Now juſt oppoſite to us is a very well looking houſe, 'tis a farm, but as good as any gentleman's.

Mat. Then go, my little friend, and find out whether we can lodge there to-night.

Ant. I will, and no doubt you may. The owner is a foreigner, from England, as they ſay; and tho' he is very paſſionate, all the village ſay he is very good-natured. (*going, returns.*) But ſhall I find you here when I come back?

Mat. Yes, truly, you may be pretty ſure of that; thoſe that can't ſee are not over fond of wandering. But you will not fail to return.

Ant. No, that I won't. (*going, ſtops*) But, Sir, there is ſomething I have been wanting all day to tell you.

Mat. Well, Antonio—what is it?

Ant. Why it is—it is—oh! I am ſo ſorry ——

Mat. Speak, child! tell me what is it?

Ant. Why it is—and it vexes me ſadly, that it will not be in my power to be your guide to-morrow.

Mat. How ſo, my little friend?

Ant. I muſt go to a wedding.—My grandfather and grandmother keep their wedding-day to-morrow, and my grandſon, who is their brother ——

Mat. Your grandſon—Have you a grandſon, Antonio?

Ant. No—*their* grandſon, who is my brother, that's it—is to be married at the ſame time, to a ſweet pretty little girl of the village.

Mat. But what will become of me without a guide?

Ant. Oh! I'll engage ſome one for you, I'll warrant; and you may contrive to come to the wedding

and join in the muſic, while we dance. We'll manage, never fear.

Mat. You love dancing, Antonio?

Song—ANTONIO.

The merry dance I dearly love,
For then Collette thy hand I ſeize,
And preſs it too whene'er I pleaſe,
And none can ſee, and none reprove;
Then on thy cheek quick bluſhes glow,
And then we whiſper ſoft and low,
Oh! how I grieve! you ne'er her charms can know.

II.

She's ſweet fifteen, I'm one year more,
Yet ſtill we are too young, they ſay,
But we know better, ſure, than they,
Youth ſhould not liſten to threeſcore;
And I'm reſolv'd I'll tell her ſo,
When next we whiſper ſoft and low,
Oh! how I grieve! you ne'er her charms can know.

[*Exit.*

Mat. Antonio!—he is gone—now then I may ſafely uſe my ſight. (*takes the bandage from her eyes.*) A fortreſs indeed—there are towers, and moats, and battlements. They ſay it is ſtrongly guarded, and almoſt inacceſſible. It's appearance at leaſt juſtifies the report that was made to me; for in this wild, and ſequeſtered ſpot, ſuch a pile could only be employed to hide ſome mighty captive.—Oh, Richard! my hero! my beloved! what hardſhips may you not be enduring: nor have you even the ſad conſolation to know that your faithful Matilda, exiled for her love to you, has abandoned every hope and duty, and in this poor and baſe diſguiſe, purſues your name, and wanders through the world; but here my cares

and ſearch ſhall end. If my foreboding ſoul miſleads me, and this ſpot affords no tidings of it's lord, then, if my heart breaks not, in the near convents cell, I'll hide my woes and ſhame for ever.

Song.

Oh, Richard! oh, my love!
By the faithleſs world forgot;
I alone in exile rove,
To lament thy hapleſs lot.
I alone of all remain
To unbind thy cruel chain,
By the faithleſs world forgot;
I, whoſe boſom ſunk in grief,
Leaſt have ſtrength to yield relief.

Deluſive glory! faithleſs pow'r!
Thus the valiant you repay,
In diſaſters heavy hour,
Faithleſs friendſhip's far away.
Yet, royal youth,
One faithful heart,
From tendereſt truth,
Tho' hopeleſs, never ſhall depart.

Oh, Richard! oh, my love!
By the faithleſs world forgot;
I alone in exile rove,
To lament thy hapleſs lot.

But I hear a noiſe; I muſt reſume my diſguiſe.

Enter Sir OWEN *and* GUILLOT.

Sir O. I'll teach you to bring letters to my daughter.
Guil. Sir, 'twas the Governor ſent me.
Sir O. The Governor!—what's the Governor to me?

Quartetto—MATILDA, GUILLOT, Sir OWEN, *and* LAURETTA.

Sir O. What care I for the Governor?
Mat. Oh! ſhould it be this Governor. *(aſide.)*
Guil. He ſent me, I knew no better,
——— with the letter.
Sir. O. My daughter liſten to his art,
What my Laurette
So far forget
The modeſt virgin's duteous part.
——— And thou—I pray, *(to* GUILLOT.*)*
Good knave, ſhall I the poſtage pay.
Guil. No, Sir, indeed,
There is no need,
I'm gone with ſpeed.

Enter LAURETTA.

Sir O. Pray tell your Governor,
His hopes are vain
Laurette to gain.
His Lordſhip is by far too good,
And I wou'd thank him if I cou'd.
Mat. If of this caſtle he ſhould be
The Governor—what joy for me. *(aſide.)*
Guil. Yet he's my Lord the Governor.

Sir O. What's he to me, your Governor;
Begone, I ſay,
You'd beſt not ſtay;
And you, if ever I diſcover—
(To LAURETTA, *who comes forward.)*
You lend an ear
To this deſigning lover,
Then, then, you ſhall have cauſe to fear.

Matil. Ah! ſhould it be, what joy for me. *(aſide.)*
Come, come, my friends, no quarrel, pray, *(to them.)*
Your anger ceaſe,
Keep, keep the peace.

Laur. What can this be,
I never ſee
The Governor.

Matil. Ah! ſhould it be this Governor,
Ah! ſhould it be, what joy for me. *(aſide.)*
Come, come, my friends, no quarrel, pray,
Your anger ceaſe,
Keep, keep the peace, *&c.*

[*Exit* GUILLOT.

Sir O. Get into the houſe—in I ſay. (*Exit* LAURETTA.] She tells me ſhe never ſees him—that ſhe never ſpeaks to him, and yet he writes to her. The Governor is a very civil gentleman, only he wants to run away with my daughter—and ſhe is very obedient to her father—only ſhe'll do nothing I bid her—I ſhould like to know what all this is now. (*looking at the letter.*) The Governor writes a military hand—his letters edge out a *cheveux de frize* faſhion—all zig-zag—like his own fortification—I can't make any way through it—I wiſh I had ſomebody to decipher it.—Oh! here's a ſort of an outlandiſh lad---I may truſt him. Youngſter, can you read?

Mat. Oh! yes, Sir.———

Sir O. Well, then, read me this. (*offers the letter.*)

Mat. Oh, indeed, Sir! I could once, but the cruel Saracens ———

Sir O. The Saracens—what did the Saracens do to you?

Mat. The cruel monſters put out my eyes, having taken me priſoner in a great battle, where I was page to a Captain in King Richard's army! But have you not ſeen a little boy?

Sir O. Yes.

Mat. 'Tis he who guides me—He can read, and will do whatever you bid him.

Sir O. Oh! here he comes I believe.

Enter ANTONIO.

Mat. Antonio, is that you?

Ant. Yes, 'tis I.

Mat. Take the letter which the gentleman here will give you, and read it aloud to him.

Ant. (*reading.*) "Beautiful Lauretta."

Sir O. Pſhaw!

Ant. "Beautiful Lauretta, my heart overflows "with extacy and gratitude, for the kind aſſurances "you give me of eternal affection."

Sir O. Eternal affection—and that puts him into an extacy—very well.

Ant. "If my attendance on the priſoner whom "I muſt not quit" ———

Mat. The priſoner! (*aſide.*)

Ant. "If my attendance on the priſoner, whom "I muſt not quit, would ſuffer me to go out during "the day—I would haſten to throw myſelf" ——

Sir O. Into the ditch of your caſtle, I hope.

Mat. Whom I muſt not quit. (*aſide.*)—Read on quickly. (*to* ANTONIO.)

Ant. "I wou'd haſten to throw myſelf at your "feet.—But if this night"—Here are ſome words blotted out.

Mat. Well, what follows.

Ant. "Contrive ſome means to inform me, at "what hour I may ſpeak to you. Your tender, "faithful, and eternally conſtant,

"FLORESTAN."

Sir O. Here's a d——d Governor for you---Oh! if I had him in England on the top of Penmanmawr.

Mat. What? Are you a Briton then?

Sir O. Yes, I am, Sir, and an enemy to ſlaves of courſe; in love, or out.——

Mat. Glorious nation! But how comes, Sir, that you are ſettled ſo far from your native country?

Sir O. Oh! that's too long a ſtory to tell you, but it would not have happen'd if I hadn't gone to the Cruſades at Paleſtine.

Mat. What, under the brave Richard?

Sir O. Brave! aye! I wou'd follow him to the world's end---my ruin was no fault of his. Well, you muſt know, that when I returned from Paleſtine, I found my father was dead——

Mat. He was very old perhaps.

Sir O. No; but he was ſlain by a neighbour of his in ſingle combat; on my return, I revenged his death.

Mat. Of courſe—you fled——

Sir O. Yes, with my daughter and wife, who is ſince dead—my caſtle and my lands were forfeited—and after fighting her battles, I was ſentenc'd by my ungrateful country——

Mat. A hard and ill return, indeed——

Sir O. No ſuch thing, Sir. 'Twas juſtice, tho' ſevere; a Briton ſuffers no man to abuſe his country, but himſelf.

Mat. Heaven forbid I ſhould traduce it.—But, Sir, one requeſt.

Sir O. (looking out.) It muſt be they——ſtay, good youth—I ſee ſome friends whom I expect. If you wiſh refreſhment—the poor and friendleſs are never driven from my door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Gothic Chamber.*

Enter LAURETTA, MATILDA, *and* ANTONIO, *from the Houſe.*

Laur. Pray, good youth, tell me what my father has been ſaying to you.

Mat. Are you the pretty Lauretta?

Laur. Yes, Sir.

Mat. Your father is very angry—he knows the contents of that letter from the Chevalier Floreſtan.

Laur. Yes—Floreſtan is his name—and did you read the letter to my father?

Mat. No—not I—I am blind, alas!—it was my little guide.

Ant. Yes, but didn't you bid me read it? [*retires.*

Laur. Oh! I wiſh you had not done ſo.——

Mat. Some other perſon would.

Laur. That's true—and what did the letter ſay?

Mat. It ſays, that on account of the priſoner in that caſtle—and who *is* that priſoner?

Laur. Oh!—no one knows who it is.

Mat. The Chevalier cannot come to throw himſelf at your feet.

Laur. Poor Floreſtan!

Mat. ——But that this night——

Laur. This night!

Song.

Oh! wou'd the night my bluſhes hide,
The truth to thee I wou'd confide.
Yes, yes, I own 'tis true,
When e'er his eyes I meet,
I feel my heart begins to beat,
It beats, and trembles too.

But when my hand he gently preſſes,
A ſtruggling ſigh I fear confeſſes,
Ah! more than bluſhes cou'd impart,
And more than words betrays my heart.

Oh! wou'd the night my bluſhes hide,
The truth to thee I wou'd confide.
Yes, yes, I own 'tis true,
When e'er his eyes I meet,
I feel my heart begins to beat,
It beats, and trembles too.

Mat. You love him then, Lauretta?

Laur. Oh moſt dearly, that I do, day and night, truly and ſincerely.

Mat. And do you not fear to own it?

Laur. No, not to you. You ſeem kind and tender-hearted, and you ſpeak gently to me; and then you cannot ſee me whether I bluſh or not, and ſo I am not afraid.

Mat. Pretty Lauretta!

Laur. But who told you I was pretty?

Mat. Alas, being blind, I gueſs only by the voice; the ſoftneſs and ſweetneſs of that is beauty to me. But let me counſel you my innocent. Theſe knights, theſe men of high deſcent, beware of them; when they ſeem moſt devoted to your beauty, they are leaſt forgetful of their own rank,

and the nobleneſs of your ſoul is overlooked by the pride of their own high birth.

Laur. But my birth is not inferior to his, though my father is now in baniſhment.———

Mat. No!—and does he know it?

Laur. Yes; and never talks to me but in words of goodneſs and honour; and if it wasn't that my father is ſo paſſionate, I ſhould have told him every thing long ago.

Mat. And would you, before you have informed your father, meet this man whom you love ſo, and converſe with him, and in the night too?——Liſten to me.

Air—MATILDA *and* LAURETTA.

Mat. The god of love a bandeau wears,
Wou'd you know what it declares,
And why his eyes are clouded;
'Tis to ſhew us that his pow'r
Is ne'er ſo fatal, ne'er ſo ſure,
As when in darkneſs ſhrowded.

Laur. Good Sir, repeat that pretty ſtrain,
Pray again, again.
A leſſon kind it does impart,
To guard againſt a lover's art.

Mat. . . . . . With all my heart.

The God of love a bandeau wears,
Wou'd you know what it declares,
And why his eyes are clouded;
'Tis to ſhew you that his pow'r
Is ne'er ſo fatal, ne'er ſo ſure,
As when in darkneſs ſhrowded.

Laur. Look, there are two pilgrims meeting my father——ſee—he embraces one of them—ſure, thoſe cannot be the viſitors he expected—I muſt go———

Mat. A moment, Lauretta—I have ſomething to ſay to you.

Laur. About Floreſtan?

Mat. No.

Laur. Oh! then I can't ſtay. [*Exit into the houſe.*

Mat. They are coming this way. I can't retire till my guide comes.

Enter Sir OWEN, BLONDEL, *and* Pilgrims,

Sir O. My brave friend, how rejoiced I am to ſee you—You are well diſguiſed, indeed; I myſelf ſhould never have gueſſed it was Blondel.

Mat. Blondel! what do I hear. (*aſide.*)

Blon. Caution, my friend. My ſearch would be fruitleſs indeed, ſhould I be diſcovered.—And ſee. [*Pointing to* MATILDA.

Sir O. It is a poor blind youth, a wandering minſtrel who diverts the peaſants.

Mat. Shall I play, worthy gentlemen? I have a ditty made by a royal lover, on the lady whom he loved. (*Plays.*)

Sir O. Why are you ſo much aſtoniſhed?

Blon. That was made by my gallant maſter—prithee go on.

(*She plays again.*)

Blon. Oh! how it reminds me of happy days!—Tell me boy—where could you learn that tune?

Mat. I was taught it, by a ſervant of King Richard's camp, who ſaid he had heard the King himſelf ſing to it.

Blon. Even ſo!—he made it for the lovely and unfortunate Matilda; unfortunate indeed!—for paſſing through Artois, I learned that ſhe had left her

father's court, and fled almoſt alone, upon the rumour that the royal Richard had been treacherouſly ſeized, as he returned from Paleſtine.—Oh! if her gallant Monarch yet lives, ſure heaven will guide ſome of thoſe who ſeek him to the priſon that immures him.

Sir O. Perhaps the fair Matilda alone has had intelligence.

Blon. O! no—But yeſterday I paſſed the Seneſchal's, her father's truſty friend, who with a choſen band of troops, was ſearching to reclaim her; and he had learned, that ſtript of her companions by perfidy, or death—deprived ſhe had ſought the ſadder priſon of a monaſtry,

Mat. The Seneſchal ſo near. (*aſide*) Gracious, Sir, if my muſic has pleaſed you, will you entreat your kind hoſt to lodge this night a harmleſs minſtrel, who has loſt his precious ſight in Paleſtine, and I will play all night to ſooth you.

Elon. Poor youth.—He will no doubt.

[*Makes ſigns to* ANTONIO, *who leads* MATILDA *off.*

Sir O. I had refuſed him only from the caution I thought due to you.—But come, you muſt forget the Pilgrim awhile, we'll in to ſupper ſoon, in the mean time, I'll ſing you a ſong, and theſe, my ruſtic neighbours ſhall join the chorus,

Enter Peaſants.

Song—Sir OWEN.

Let the Sultan Saladin,
Play the rake in Paleſtine,
While he claims his ſubjects duty,
He's himſelf a ſlave to beauty,

Wearing baſer chains than they.
Well! well!
Every man muſt have his way:
But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.

Chorus.

But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.

II.

Cœur de Lion loves the wars,
Richard's joy is blows and ſcars;
Conquer'd Pagan's fly before him,
Chriſtian warriors all adore him,
Watching, marching night and day.
Well! well!
Every man muſt have his way;
But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.

Chorus.

But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.

III.

You too, Pilgrims, love your trade,
You recruit the bold cruſade,
Making zealots croſs the ocean,
In a fit of fierce devotion;
Pilgrims love to faſt and pray,
Well! well!
Every man muſt have his way.
But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.

Chorus.

But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Chamber in the Caſtle.*

Enter RICHARD *and* FLORESTAN.

Rich. Floreſtan!

Flor. Sire!

Rich. Your fortune is in your power.

Flor. Sire!—my honour is.

Rich. Honour! to a traitor!—a baſe! perfidious——

Flor. Did I believe him ſo, I would not ſerve him; and not believing, I muſt not liſten where I dare not anſwer.——

Rich. But Floreſtan——

[FLORESTAN *bows, and exit.*

Oh God!—oh miſery!—Is this to be my lot for ever?—Am I doomed by a vile traitor's craft to wear my life away in ignominious bondage?—But Richard is forgot—deſerted by his people—by the world!—(*he looks on a picture*) Image of her I love!—come—Oh! calm, conſole my heart—no—thou doſt redouble all my griefs—thou art my deſpair—Oh death! I call on thee—thy dart alone can break my chains—my freedom is my grave!

Song.

Loſt to the world, forgot, forlorn,
In vain to me returns the morn
That brings no more my glorious toils,
Yet bleſs the beams that give to ſight
This image of my ſoul's delight,
This heaven of ſoothing ſmiles.
Vain is the thought of former power
To ſooth the preſent mournful hour:
O Death! be thou my friend;
Hopeleſs I live, my ſorrows end. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Repreſents the inner Works of an old Fortification. Towards the Front is a Terrace incloſed by Rails and a Foſſè; and ſo ſituated that when* RICHARD *appears upon it, he cannot ſee* MATILDA, *who is upon the outer Parapet.—Soldiers lower a Drawbridge, and leave a Centinel on each ſide.*

Enter RICHARD *and* FLORESTAN.

Flor. THE morning breaks——the freſh air is lightened by the dawn—profit of it, Sire, for your health's ſake. Within an hour your guards muſt do their duty, and you will be again ſecluded from the day. [*Exit.*

[RICHARD *walks to the farther end of the terrace, and remains in a poſture of deep deſpair.*

Enter MATILDA *and* ANTONIO *on the other ſide of the Foſſè and Parapet.*

Mat. Antonio, ſtay awhile; here on this riſing ground we'll reſt—I love to feel the pure freſh air—it is the balmy breath of morn, whiſpering the ſun's approach. Where are we now?

Ant. Cloſe to the parapet of the caſtle which you bid me bring you to. [MATILDA *offering to get upon the parapet.*] Ah! don't attempt to get upon it——you'll fall.

Mat. Indeed! Well, here kind boy—take this money, and go buy ſomething for us that we may breakfaſt.

Ant. You have given me a great deal——

Mat. Keep for yourſelf what is too much.

Ant. Oh, thank you! And pray take care not to go too near the moat. [*Exit.*

Mat. When you return we will walk to ſome ſhade—ſhall we?—You don't anſwer me——he is gone—Now then, (*liſts up the bandeau, and raiſes herſelf on the parapet.*) Ah! no one to be ſeen!

Rich A year—a year is paſſed! hope is exhauſted!

Mat. How ſtill! how ſilent.—Sure if theſe walls encloſe him, my voice may reach their deepeſt receſſes. O! if he is here he will remember the ſtrain—'twas the offering of his earlieſt love in happy days—of love for her, who now uncertain of his fate—yet ſhares his miſery.

Rich. No cheering thought! no glimmering ray of conſolation.—O memory!—O Matilda!

[MATILDA *plays*]

Rich. What ſounds!—heavens!—the very ſtrain I once—O let me hear———

MATILDA *ſings.*

" One night in ſickneſs lying,
" A prey to grief and pain,

Rich. Heavens, that voice!

MATILDA *ſings.*

" When aid of man was vain,
" And hope and life were flying,
" Then came my miſtreſs to my bed,
" And Death and Pain and Sorrow fled."

[*She ſtops and raiſes herſelf to liſten.*

[RICHARD, *while ſhe ſings, having expreſſed the extremes of ſurpriſe, hope, and joy, ſeems to endeavour to recal to his memory the reſt of the ditty, and recollecting it, anſwers.*

RICHARD *ſings.*

" The gentle tears ſoft falling
" Of her whom I adore,
" My tender hopes recalling,
" Did life and love reſtore."
" Could I but view Matilda's eyes,
" Fortune, thy frowns I ſhould deſpiſe."

Together.

RICHARD.	MATILDA.
" The gentle tears ſoft falling,	" My gentle tears faſt falling
" Of her ſo long ador'd,	" For him ſo long ador'd,
" My tender hopes recalling,	" His tender hopes recalling,
" Have love and life re-	" Have love and life re-
" ſtor'd."	" ſtor'd."

After MATILDA *has repeated the ſtrain, ſhewing great joy,* FLORESTAN *and* SOLDIERS *appear.*—FLORESTAN *requeſts the King to retire into the caſtle—he does ſo; while another party ſeize* MATILDA, *and paſſing a draw-bridge, bring her into the front of the works.*

Duo and Chorus—MATILDA, GUARDS, *&c.*

Chorus, SOLDIERS.

Speak quickly, quickly, who art thou?
Who ſent the here? whence come, and how?

MATILDA.

Are you ſtrangers paſſing near,
Pleaſed, perhaps my ſong to hear?

Chorus of Soldiers.

To priſon ſtraight, to priſon ſtraight,
There he may ſing early and late.

MATILDA.

Ah, good Sir, no anger, pray,
With pity hear what I've to ſay!
The Saracens, ſo fierce in fight,
Have deprived me of my ſight.

Chorus of Soldiers.

'Tis well for thee,
For could'ſt thou ſee,
Thou ſhould'ſt die by our decree.

MATILDA.

I know not what this anger's for,
I've buſineſs with the Governor;
'Tis of moment you will ſee,
And he ſhould know it inſtantly.

Chorus of Soldiers.

You know not what our anger's for,
And wou'd ſpeak with the Governor?

MATILDA.

'Tis of moment, you will ſee,
And he ſhould know it inſtantly.

Chorus of Soldiers.

Well, you ſhall ſee the Governor,
He'll tell you what our anger's for!
But ſince your buſineſs is of weight,
We'll ſuſpend a-while your fate.
Hark!—he comes, the Governor;
And now take heed, take heed, part youth,
To tell the truth;
For if you lie,
If you lie to the Governor,
Your fate is fixed, you ſurely die.

Enter FLORESTAN.

Mat. Where is the Governor?

Flor. Here!

Mat. On which ſide?

Flor. Here!——

Mat. I have ſomething of importance to communicate to him.

Flor. Attempt no trifling, or you periſh that inſtant.

Mat. Ah, Sir! thoſe who have loſt their ſight, are half deprived of life already!—Is it for a poor blind minſtrel like me to attempt to deceive you?

Flor. Speak then.

Mat. Are we alone?—Now I think my device can't fail. (*aſide.*)

Flor. (*ſign to the Soldiers who retire.*) We are alone.

Mat. Then, Sir, the lovely Lauretta.

Flor. Speak lower.

Mat. The beauteous Lauretta, Sir, has read to me the letter you ſent her yeſterday; in which you expreſs your joy at her confeſſing her love for you, and preſs ſo much for an opportunity to ſpeak with her.

Flor. Well, my good friend, and what ſays ſhe?

Mat. She ſays you may ſafely call at her father's houſe this evening, at any hour you pleaſe.——

Flor. At her father's houſe!

Mat. Yes; ſhe ſays her father has ſome friends with him, to whom he means to give a fête, and takes the opportunity of a wedding in the neighbourhood to invite all the village to his houſe, where there will be nothing but feaſting, dancing, and merriment; during which, Lauretta ſays, ſhe will find means to ſpeak with you; and you may eaſily make a pretence for the viſit.

Flor. Tell her I will not fail—but how come ſhe to employ you in this buſineſs?—you are blind.

Mat. The leſs likely to be ſuſpected—ſhe loves to hear me play and ſing—and ſhe has been ſo generous to me, I would riſk any thing to ſerve her—beſides, I brought a little guide with me.

Flor. You have managed extremely well—and the noiſe you made, I ſuppoſe was on purpoſe to be brought before me.——

Mat. For what could it be elſe?—But with your guards forſooth, I was a ſpy, a lurking emiſſary, trying to diſcover who was impriſoned here—ha! ha!—

Flor. Ha! ha! ha! ridiculous enough!—But you have really done it very well—Here is a purſe for—(*offers money.*)

Mat. Pardon good Governor—ſhould any one be near, and obſerve that you reward me, they will ſuſpect ſomething ——

Flor. 'Tis very true.——(*he croſſes by her.*)

Mat. But, Mr. Governor, leſt they ſhould——

Flor. Well!

Mat. O, you are on that ſide—I ſay, leſt they ſhould gueſs at my errand, hadn't you better ſeem angry, and ſo reprimand me, and ſend me back.

Flor. (ſigns to the Soldiers to come down.) You are right—upon my life this is a very clever lad, though he is blind.

Dialogue and Chorus.

MATILDA.

Sir, to blame me is moſt hard,
For the noiſe pray blame the guard.

FLORESTAN.

They ſhould not ſend ſuch fooliſh boys,
For ſuch a meſſage—ſuch a noiſe.

Chorus of Soldiers.

Silence, fellow, and begone,
'T'was you alarm'd the garriſon.

Enter ANTONIO, *frightened and crying.*

ANTONIO.

Ah! good Sir, forgive him, pray,
Ah! hear with pity what I ſay;
The Saracens ſo fierce in fight,
Have deprived him of his ſight,
And ſhut him from the bleſſed light.

Chorus of Soldiers. (to MATILDA.)

'Tis well for thee,
For could'ſt thou ſee,
Thou had'ſt died by our decree.
So haſte away,
Begone I ſay,
And if again we catch you here,
Be aſſured 'twill coſt you dear.

MATILDA.

Sirs, I believe ye,
Nor will deceive ye,
Never more will I appear,
Never more offend you here.

ANTONIO.

In truth if here
He does appear,
It ſhall be
Without me.

[*Exeunt.*

THE END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A great Hall in Sir Owen's Houſe.*

BLONDEL *and* FRIEND *with* Sir OWEN.

Blon. MY friend, I would without profeſſion treſpaſs on your hoſpitality, but in truth, we muſt away—our ſearch I do perceive is fruitleſs here—and till I learn ſome tidings of my royal maſter's ſtate, I cannot tarry for mirth's ſake—therefore we leave you to your rural gueſts, and may gay content be with you.

Sir O. I cannot blame your haſte, though I lament it—yet one night methinks—you will ſee gay paſtimes, and ſimple jollity, but ſuch as will divert you, believe me; and ſee here is my little pratler Julie will join in my requeſt.

Enter JULIE.

(*She is going to ſpeak, but ſeeing the Strangers, ſhe runs to* Sir OWEN, *and whiſpers him.*)

Sir O. Surely my child—She tells me ſhe is to dance to-night, if I approve it.

Jul. Oh, Sir—but it was to be a ſecret—you were not to have ſaid a word about it yet.

Sir O. No!—well, they will not betray you——they are going to leave us, Julie—can't you perſuaſe them to ſtay.

Jul. They look ſo grave, I am afraid of them.

Sir O. Oh! go, try.

Jul. (*goes to* BLONDEL *and takes his hand.*) Pray, Sir, don't leave us; how can you think of going away when we are all going to be ſo merry.

Blon. We are very ſorry, my pretty hoſteſs, that it muſt be ſo.

Jul. But indeed you ſhall not go—for if you go away, my father will have no one to talk to while we are all dancing and running about.

Sir O. You little rogue, how do you know but I intend to dance myſelf.

Jul. Lord, Sir, that would be pleaſant—ha! ha! I ſhould like to ſee *you* dance!

Sir O. Well, you are very good however, Julie, to wiſh me to be ſome way amuſed—it is very conſiderate in you.

Jul. Yes, Sir, becauſe then you would have ſomething elſe to do than to mind us———

Sir O. So!—very well innocent!

Jul. Then pray gentlemen don't go—let me intreat you to ſtay for our feſtival.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the Seneſchal is come, leaving his troops above the wood; with a few followers, he waits impatiently to ſpeak to you——

Sir O. I come. (*Exit Serv.*) My friends it ſhall not be farewel, yet; I will return.

[*Exit, leaving* JULIE, *who looks back, and makes ſigns to* BLONDEL *not to leave them.*

Friend. You ſtill avoid being known to the Seneſchal.

Blon. Perhaps I may ſafely diſcloſe myſelf; but wherefore, if Richard ———

Enter Servant.

Serv. There is a youth without, who ſays he muſt be admitted to you.

Blon. To me?

Serv. He that you heard play and ſing yeſterday.

Blon. Pray let him come—(*Exit Serv.*) And after we will purſue our journey.

Enter MATILDA.

Mat. How, Sir? Did you doubt to ſee me?—I have ſpent the day requeſting it. You ſhould not have pauſed upon it, but hear me, and alone.—

[*Exit* Pilgrim.

Blon. I knew not your deſire ſooner—but how is this good youth—you were blind yeſterday?

Mat. True; and ought I not to bleſs heaven, that the firſt object which preſents itſelf to my reſtored ſight is—Blondel!

Blon. Ha!—you know me then?

Mat. Yes;—and can it be that you prepare to fly from hence? O! has no powerful impulſe worked upon your heart?——has no inſtinctive warning checked the ill-guided purpoſe, ſtirred in your alarmed boſom, and chid the raſh deſertion of your valor's duty? Then periſh, royal Richard! waſte on, proud ſoul, in baſe captivity—thy careleſs friends paſs by thy priſon gates, and man and heaven deſert thee!

Blon. What can this mean?—my royal maſter—

Mat. Blondel—your king—your leader—your friend—paſs but theſe gates, and you behold his priſon—but hold—

[*Enter* Sir OWEN *ſpeaking to the* SENESCHAL *and two* Knights.]

Sir O. Nay, but the youth you ſpeak of, is——

Sen. Matilda—my noble miſtreſs! (*kneels*) thus let me excuſe the abrupt intruſion of my duty——

Blon. Matilda!

Mat. Riſe, Seneſchal!—Yes, Matilda—a fugitive from all ſhe owed her ſtation and a father's love—but tell them peerleſs Richard was the cauſe—and tell them too, that heaven at length has ſanctioned what reſiſtleſs love reſolved—Seneſchal, I know your zeal, and firm attachment to your maſter's friend—Sir Owen, your monarch is in chains—and you are a Briton——

Sir O. We will deliver him, or die!

[*While the ſymphony plays, ſome of the* SENESCHAL's *party go out and return with more of their friends, to whom they ſeem to relate what has paſſed, as they range themſelves behind* MATILDA.

Dialogue and Chorus.

MATILDA.

Ye Cavaliers, yon caſtle drear;
Great Richard is a pris'ner there.

Cavaliers.

Strange the tidings that you bring,
Great Richard—England's mighty King!

MATILDA.

Ye Cavaliers, yon caſtle drear,
Great Richard is a pris'ner there.

Cavaliers.

Can it be what you relate?
Who explored the monarch's fate?

MATILDA.

'Twas I, with ſong and veiled eyes,
Approach'd the walls in ſafe diſguiſe;
His voice I heard—Ah! doubt ye yet?
And could my heart that voice forget.
No, Cavaliers, yon caſtle drear,
King Richard is a pris'ner there.
But long a pris'ner ſhall he be,
Whom love and valour join to free?

Cavaliers.

Not long a pris'ner ſhall he be.
Let us arm;
Here we ſwear to ſet him free.
Give th' alarm!

BLONDEL.

Haſte is vain,
'Tis prudence muſt his freedom gain;
Prudence muſt your rage reſtrain.

Cavaliers.

Let us arm.

MATILDA.

Blondel, check the raſh alarm.
What ſhould be done, oh, quickly tell;
Cavaliers, oh liſten to Blondel.

Cavaliers.

Blondel! Blondel! it is Blondel.

MATILDA.

Yes, Cavaliers, it is Blondel,
The friend of Richard—mark him well.

BLONDEL.

Let our deeds our friendſhip tell
In the battle—mark Blondel.

Cavaliers.

Let us arm, *&c. &c.*

Mat. And you, my gallant friends.—But thanks wou'd wrong you — the cauſe is your's. — You, Sir Owen, know this Governor. Is he a man whom gold———

Sir O. I muſt be juſt. He's one whom neither fear nor intereſt will ſway.

Blon. Then force alone's our hope.

Mat. Attend a moment——Sir Owen, Floreſtan is apprized, that you intend this night a rural feaſt; he means to be partaker of your mirth, in hopes of ſpeaking with Lauretta.

Sir O. How!

Mat. I cannot now explain this; but be aſſured he will be here. Some choſen guards may then ſurround him, and demand the king's deliverance. If he refuſes———

Blon. Then to arms! — Here indeed is hope. Seneſchal direct your men to paſs the wood, and nearer the moraſs attend our ſignal. Let us prepare and arm.

[*Exeunt* BLONDEL, Seneſchal, *and* Cavaliers.

Enter LAURETTA *and* Servants.

Laur. My father, your village friends will be here ſtraight, and the muſic is not yet come—then how ſhall we dance?

Sir O. They will be here, my child—fear not, my dear Lauretta.

[Sir OWEN *ſeems to give directions to the ſervants.*

Laur. My *dear* Lauretta, ſo!—he's not angry with me now—my dear father (*to* Sir OWEN.) now I am happy! only I wiſh Floreſtan could be here to-night.

Mat. (aſide.) Charming Lauretta! but I dare not truſt her yet—'tis happy, however, that the courſe we have determined on, is free from any peril to Floreſtan—in the midſt of my own anxieties I am intereſted for her happineſs.

[MATILDA *goes to* LAURETTA *and talks to her.* LAURETTA *expreſſes ſurpriſe at ſeeing her no longer blind.*]

Sir O. And mark me, you William, ſet my old buckler and great ſword in my cloſet.

Wil. Sir, they'll be cumberſome to dance in.

Sir O. Fellow, do as I bid you. (*puſhes him out.*) Oh, more lights here in the hall—and, d'ye hear—be ready to welcome all comers—ſo—(*Exit* Servants.) (*Obſerving* LAURETTE *and* MATILDA.) I muſt not, however, appear in their ſecrets yet.

Trio.—MATILDA, LAURETTA, *and* Sir OWEN.

MATILDA.—(*aſide to* LAURETTA.)

Yes, yes, Floreſtan will be here,
After the dance he will appear.

LAURETTA.

Oh! what delight, what joy 'twill be;
Sure he'll find means to ſpeak to me.

MATILDA.—(*to* Sir OWEN, *ſeeing him approach.*)

We no ſecrets have, good Knight,
I am ſaying that my ſight
Is again reſtor'd to light.

LAURETTA.—(*very demurely.*)

Yes, my father, very true,
We no ſecrets have from you,
The youth's well bred and honeſt too.

Sir OWEN.

I'm ſure you have no myſtery,
Pray talk on, and don't mind me.

LAURETTA.—(*to* MATILDA, *aſide.*)

But does he know how well I love,
And does he ſwear he'll conſtant prove?

MATILDA.

Had you but ſeen the gen'rous youth,
He knelt and vow'd eternal truth.

LAURETTA.

——————— Kneel and vow,
Ah! he'll be true, I'm happy now.

Sir OWEN.

What, he tells thee that his ſight
Is again reſtor'd to light?

LAURETTA.

Yes, my father, very true,
We no ſecrets have from you;
He is ſaying that his ſight
Is again reſtor'd to light.

MATILDA.

We no ſecrets have, good Knight,
I am ſaying that my ſight
Is again reſtor'd to light.

Sir OWEN.

What he tells thee, *&c. &c. &c.*

LAURETTA.

Yes, my father, *&c. &c.*

(*Tabors and pipes heard behind the ſcenes.*)

Sir O. So, our guests are at hand. My Lauretta give them welcome.

JULIE *runs in.*

Jul. They are all coming, and all so gay, and so neatly dressed—indeed, Sir, they are—and I saw the little bride myself, blushing and looking so pretty.—Dear, it must be a charming thing to be married!

Laur. Yes, they are coming indeed, Sir.

Sir O. And are you ready, my little Julie, with the dance you ———

Jul. Yes, that I am. But pray what are all those fine knights gathering about the house for? They don't look as if they came to be merry, Indeed, sister, they look so fierce, you'd be frightened.

Sir O. Oh no, my child, they will not hurt us.

Jul No!—then I vow they shall dance, swords, and helmets and all.

(*She runs to meet the* Peasants, *who appear.*)

Chorus of Peasants.

Join hearts—join hands,
In loving bands,
None are happy till they're pair'd,
Nothing's joy that is not shar'd.

Peasant.

When alone the maid sits pining,
Nature's beauties seem declining,
Nothing can afford delight;
But the favour'd youth appearing,
With his presence all things chearing,
Flowers how sweet—the sun how bright.

Chorus.

Join hearts—join hands,
In loving bands,
None are happy till they're pair'd,
Nothing's joy that is not ſhar'd.

ANTONIO.

O'er the ſultry mountain ranging,
Shade and paſture ever changing,
Soon I tire my flock to tend;
But if chance Collette addreſs me,
Toil and heat no more oppreſs me,
Soon, too ſoon my labours end.

Chorus.

Join hearts—join hands,
In loving bands,
None are happy, *&c. &c.*

(*Dance of* Peaſants.)

FLORESTAN *having entered, and requeſted* LAURETTA *to be his partner, is preparing to dance.——* (*Drums beat to Arms.*)

Flor. Ha! what do I hear!

[Sir OWEN *and* MATILDA's Knights *approach him.*]

Sir O. Sir—you are my priſoner.

Flor. Sir!
Sir O. You.
Flor. What treaſon is this?

Chorus of Cavaliers.

Vain defiance, ſtrive no more,
Yield our King—our chief reſtore;
Vain reſiſtance—fate's decree
Sets impriſon'd Richard free.

FLORESTAN.

Threats he fears not, who is juſt
To his honour, to his truſt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE CHANGES, *and repreſents the caſtle aſſaulted by* MATILDA'S *troops*—BLONDEL *puts himſelf at the head of the pioneers, and the aſſault continues*—RICHARD *appears on the fortreſs without arms, endeavouring to free himſelf from three armed Soldiers*—BLONDEL *mounts the breach*—*runs to the* KING, *wounds one of the Guards, and ſnatches his ſword*—*the* KING *ſeizes it*—*they put the reſt of the Soldiers to flight*—BLONDEL *then throws himſelf at* RICHARD'S *feet, who embraces him*—*at this moment is heard the grand Chorus of* Long live the King!—*The beſiegers then*

display the colours of MATILDA, *who appears—She sees* RICHARD *at liberty—flies towards him and ſinks in his arms*—FLORESTAN *is then conducted to the* KING *by the* SENESCHAL *and* Sir OWEN—RICHARD *returns him his ſword.*

Rich. Oh love! oh gratitude! oh Matilda!—what can I ſay to thee, my ſoul's beloved! my deliverance! my reward! (*embraces her.*) (*to* Sir OWEN, *&c.*) I have more thanks to pay.—My heart feels all it owes—And when to my native England I return, ſo may I proſper in my ſubjects love, as I cheriſh in the memory of my ſufferings here—a leſſon to improve my reign—compaſſion ſhould be a monarch's nature—I have learned what 'tis to need it—the pooreſt peaſant in my land, when miſery preſſes, in his *King* ſhall find a friend.

FINALE.

Oh! bleſt event!—oh! glorious hour!
Liberty and love we ſing;
Oh! may they with reſiſtleſs power,
Protect the bleſſings which they bring.

Chorus.

Faithful lovers, baniſh fear,
Our delight, our triumph ſhare.

Trio—MATILDA, LAURETTA, *and* BLONDEL.

No more ſhall doubt or ſorrow
Diſturb my anxious breaſt,
The ſun that gilds to-morrow,
At length beholds me bleſt.

Chorus.

Oh! bleſt event—oh! glorious hour!
Liberty and love we ſing;
Oh! may they with reſiſtleſs power,
Protect the bleſſings which they bring!

THE END.

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